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Works of the Best Authors

No. 435

"HIS SOUL"

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY
ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

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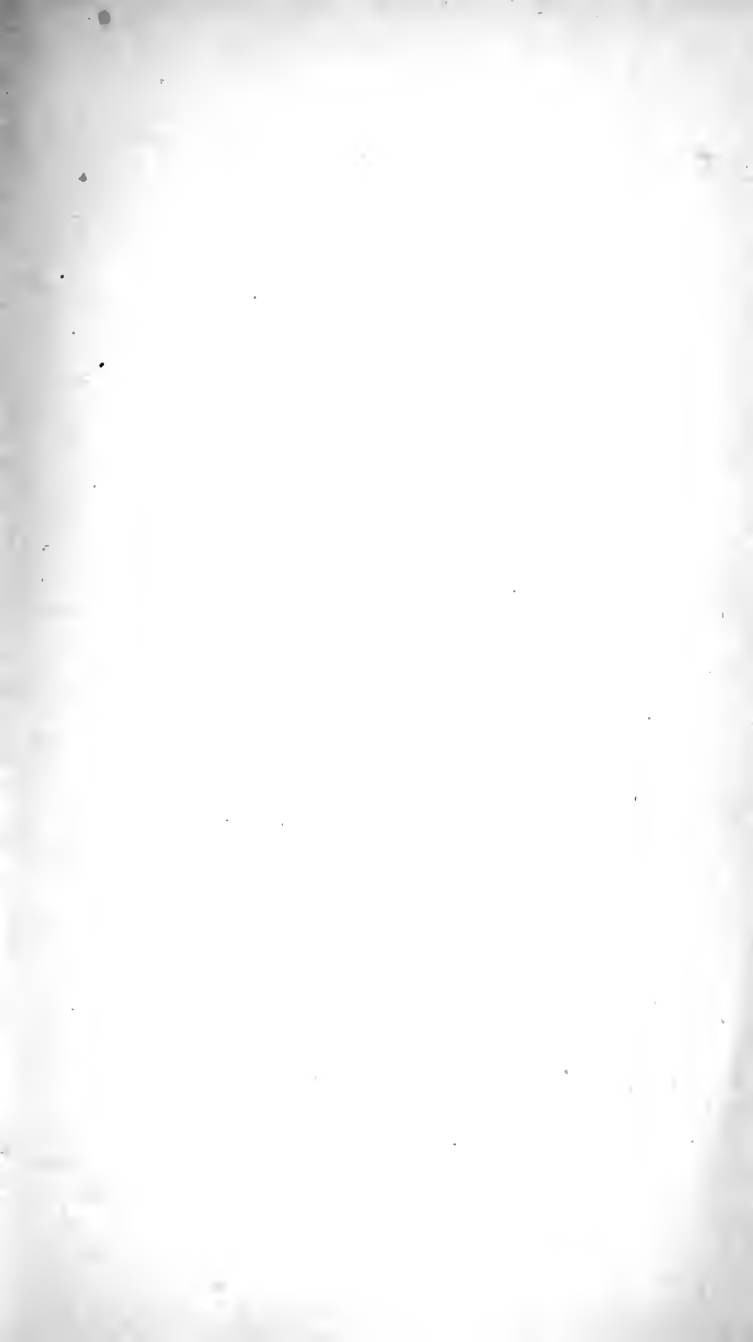
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"HIS SOUL," a farce in one act by Eleanor Maud Crane. 2 males, 2 females. Modern Costumes. Plays 30 minutes.

Jack Burrows, artist, has little by little given up his work after scenes with a young and jealous wife over his various models. At present he is busy with an order from a cigar firm, an Indian figure, into which he has put his whole soul. The statue comes to life and declares she is "His Soul." The scenes that follow are the outcome of this unusual and amusing situation. Price, 30 cents. (No royalty.)

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NOV 13 '22



CHARACTERS

JACK BURROWS..... *An Artist*
BETTY BURROWS..... *His wife*
BOB LINDSEY..... *His best friend*
WANDA *His Soul*

SCENE: *Studio in JACK BURROWS' apartment, New York City.*

COSTUMES: *Modern.*

TIME: *The present.*

"HIS SOUL"

SCENE: *Studio in JACK BURROWS' apartment, New York. Doors D.L. and U.R. Odd pieces of quaint furniture, rugs, lamps, sketches, etchings and half-finished plaster casts in artistic confusion. Desk D.C. Open fire L.C. Couch covered with oriental drapery. Model of an Indian maiden mounted upon pedestal and covered with white sheet U.C. Telephone on desk.*

TIME: *Five o'clock in the afternoon.*

SEASON: *Mid-winter.*

(Enter BETTY BURROWS R.U. *She tip-toes into room, looks about, finds no one present; crosses room quickly and examines several pictures and sketches that lie scattered upon the desk. She compares them, frowns angrily, tosses them aside, sinks into chair by desk and bursts into tears. Enter JACK BURROWS D.L., calling—*)

JACK. *Betty, Betty, I say, Bet— (Stops short upon seeing BETTY in tears and ejaculates) Oh, thunder!*

(BETTY continues to sob without lifting her head. JACK slowly removes coat and hat; looks at BETTY and starts as if to speak to her. Slaps

gloves together in annoyed fashion. Then with a sigh draws himself up determinedly, rams gloves into pocket and goes to BETTY. He stands back of her chair. Bends over her and draws her hands down from her face.)

JACK. Betty!

BETTY. *(Tries to release her hands)* Let me alone.

JACK. *(Laughs lightly)* Why, Betty girl, what's the matter?

BETTY. *(Still struggles to free herself)* Don't speak to me, you—you—brute!

JACK. What a terrible accusation! Come, little girl, tell me what's it all about?

BETTY. *(Springs up and faces JACK with flashing eyes)* How—how dare you treat me so? I won't stand it, I tell you. I—I'm going home and I'm going now. *(Crosses stage, seats herself, puts her elbow on chair-back and buries her face in the curve of her arm and bursts into sobs.)*

JACK. *(Scowls as he paces floor a couple of times, then turns and stands before BETTY)* If you will just tell me what this row's about——

BETTY. *(Lifts her head quickly)* What are our rows ever about?

JACK. *(Shrugs his shoulders)* Heaven knows. I don't.

BETTY. *(Furiously)* That's a lie and you know it!

JACK. *(Smiles)* Pretty strong language, little girl.

BETTY. *(Stamps her foot indignantly)* Stop calling me "little girl."

JACK. Certainly, big girl.

BETTY. And stop ridiculing me. I'm in earnest, I tell you, horribly in earnest.

JACK. If you'll only explain what it all means.

BETTY. (*Catches up several sketches and holds them at arm's length*) It means that—and that—and that—— (*Throws pictures one by one at his feet.*)

JACK. (*Picks up sketches and speaks slowly*) I understand.

BETTY. Well, I don't. What you find to rave about in that stupid-looking creature is beyond me. Seven sketches, if you please, seven brand new sketches.

JACK. (*Earnestly*) Betty, can't you see——

BETTY. (*Interrupts him and speaks sarcastically*) Oh, yes, I see. I'm not blind. No man could possibly make seven sketches of the same girl unless he was just crazy about her.

JACK. You married an artist, dear.

BETTY. I married a man. At least I thought I did. What I really married was a great big, selfish brute, who makes love to other women behind my back.

JACK. (*Indignantly*) Betty!

BETTY. I won't stand it. I won't. I won't. I won't. So there! (*Catches up sketches, tears them in halves and throws them into scrap-basket; bursts into tears and rushes from room.*)

JACK. Betty! (*Starts to follow her. When he reaches door, stops, exclaims*) I'll be hanged if I do! (*Goes to basket, takes up torn sketches, tries to piece them together. Mutters impatiently.*) Confound it! (*Thrusts papers back into basket. Sinks wearily into chair by desk and leans forward, utterly disheartened. For a few seconds there is absolute silence. He relaxes and dozes. Enter BOB LINDSEY briskly.*)

BOB. (*Looks about*) Jack, I say, Jack!

JACK. (*Rouses with start*) Oh, oh, Bob! That you?

BOB. (*Looks at JACK in surprise*) Hello! What's up?

JACK. (*Bitingly*) Everything. Bob, if you ever think you'd like to get married, buy a rope!

BOB. (*Surprised*) What? Why, Betty's an angel!

JACK. Yes, and my life's a hell.

BOB. (*Shakes his head, mystified*) Come again, old chap, I missed connections.

JACK. Did you ever marry a jealous woman?

BOB. (*Smiles as he shakes his head*) No, I think not.

JACK. (*Paces floor*) To-day we had another little scene. The fiftieth this week and this is only Tuesday.

BOB. (*His hand on JACK's shoulder*) My dear boy, humour her a little. She's only a girl, you know.

JACK. Humour her? Why, man alive, I've done nothing else but humour her. Gave up my miniature work. Why? She objected to the sittings. Dropped all my illustrating. Why? A row over my best model. Cut out all my mural designing. Why? Why? Why? Same old story. I can't do still life and I won't do landscapes. Do you know what I'm reduced to? A wooden Indian for a cigar store. Oh, you needn't laugh. I mean it. We've got to eat and I prefer to eat in peace, if possible. (*Goes to model stand and removes cover. Shows BOB the motionless figure of an Indian girl in rather a striking pose.*) Look at it! To think that I—I have come to this.

BOB. (*Takes a step forward and looks at statue with admiration*) By George, she's ripping. She—she—why, man, she's got soul.

JACK. Of course she's got soul. My soul. She's all I've got left, I tell you, and I've put my whole heart into her. A wooden Indian.

BOB. (*Awestruck*) A wooden Indian. I never knew a wooden Indian could look like that. (*Excitedly.*) Why—why—Jack she—she breathes.

JACK. (*Prepares to replace cover*) Don't be a fool.

BOB. (*Catches JACK's arm*) Look—look at her. By Jove, no wonder Betty was jealous. I'd be jealous of that myself. She—she——

(*The Indian statue lifts its head. Both men start back in alarm. Slowly the Indian raises its hands high above its head as if throwing off restraint, then claps its hands behind its head and draws in a deep full breath. Men clutch each other in open-mouthed astonishment. Slowly the statue turns its head towards them and smiles.*)

BOB. (*With chattering teeth*) Gr-re-reat Scott! (*The statue looks about slowly and deliberately steps down from pedestal.*)

JACK. (*Clutches BOB's arm*) Tell—tell her to—to—to stop.

BOB. (*Gets behind JACK and tries to push him forward*) Tell her yourself you—cow—cow—coward.

JACK. (*Tries to speak bravely, but not succeeding*) Pooh. I—I—I'm not afraid. (*Goes toward Indian.*) Miss—— (*Staggers back as Indian turns quickly toward him.*) I—I mean Madame. I—I—you—I—who the deuce are you, anyway?

WANDA. (*Lifts her hand slowly and points one finger at JACK*) Your soul.

JACK. (*Starts back then recovers himself*) Now

—now see here. That—that's all rot. (*Looks about suddenly.*) Where in blazes did you come from?

WANDA. (*Lifts hand, palm outward*) Great Chief. Me Wanda. Last of race. Your soul.

JACK. (*Nervously*) But I say, that—that's all very pretty, but it isn't true. I—I can't have strange young savages er—er—walking about my studio and er—declaring that they're my soul when—when they're not.

WANDA. (*Folds her arms with dignity*) Wanda. Your Soul.

JACK. (*Angrily*) But I tell you, you're not. You're not. I haven't any soul. I never had a soul. And by George, if I had it wouldn't look like you.

BOB. (*Doubles up with laughter*) Your soul. Gee! That's great!

JACK. (*To BOB*) Shut up or I'll break your head. Shut up, I say, and for the love of Mike tell me what to do. She can't stay here.

BOB. And how do you propose to get rid of—of your affinity?

JACK. (*Worried*) Cut that, Bob, help me, can't you? What if Betty should come in? She'd raise Cain.

BOB. Can't say I'd blame her under the circumstances.

JACK. (*Firmly*) She's got to go, that's all there is to it, and the quicker the better. (*Turns to WANDA, who has been standing motionless.*) Look here, Miss—Miss——

BOB. (*Teasingly*) Soul.

JACK. (*Angrily to BOB*) Will you shut up! (*To WANDA*) You—I'm very sorry and all that, but you can't stay here. You can't really.

WANDA. (*Bowes submissively*) My chief has said.

BOB. Her chief! Great Scott!

JACK. (*To WANDA*) And once and for all get this. I'm *not* your chief. Understand? I'm not your chief. I'm a man. A plain white man. I'm married. Married. You hear? I've got a wife. A squaw. A wife.

WANDA. (*Bowing with crossed arms*) Wanda—Slave.

JACK. I don't want a slave. What in blazes would I do with a slave?

WANDA. (*Kneels and touches floor with her forehead*) Wanda dust beneath her chief's feet.

JACK. (*Indignantly*) Now see here, you stop that. Get up. Confound it, get up, I say. (*WANDA rises slowly.*) And stay up. Now go. (*JACK points to door. WANDA bows her head and moves toward exit.*)

BOB. (*Steps forward*) Look here, Jack, you can't send her out like that. It's mid-winter! She'll freeze.

JACK. Stop butting in. She can't stay here and that's all there is to it.

BOB. She can't go that way. Here, I'll ask Betty to lend her a cloak. (*Starts toward door.*)

JACK. (*Catches BOB's arm*) No, you don't. If Betty hears of this I'm done for. Shut that door quick.

BOB. (*Closes door and walks about as if in search of inspiration*) There's a couch-cover. That's better than nothing. (*Catches up cover and takes it to WANDA.*) Here—you—you soul thing-um-bob, put this around you.

JACK. (*Looks nervously over shoulder*) And go. For heaven's sake, get out.

WANDA. (*Wraps couch-cover Indian fashion about her shoulders*) I go, my chief.

BOB. (*As WANDA starts with dignity toward door*) Wait a minute. Where are you going?

WANDA. Wigwam.

BOB. That's all very fine, but wigwams don't grow on Park Avenue. You're more likely to land in the police station.

JACK. I don't care a hang where she lands.

BOB. You'll care to-morrow when you see it in the papers. Headlines—big, black—no yellow ones. Jack Burrows' Soul arrested for vagrancy.

JACK. (*Scowls, his hands deep in his pockets*) You've got such a nasty way of putting things.

BOB. I don't put them. They're already put.

JACK. Can't you get her into a Home of some sort? You know what I mean. There must be something of the kind for such cases.

BOB. (*Starts*) Big head. That's the first sensible word you've spoken. (*Goes to phone on desk and takes down receiver.*) Hello. Information. Yes. Information. What would we poor benighted mortals do without the telephone? "It settles our problems. It lightens our cares. It's a boon to mankind. When he's caught unawares." Hello. What number do I want. Look here, this is the limit. I ask for Information. Information. Get me? You blundering idiotic—What's that? Oh, I wasn't talking to you. No. No-o-o. Oh, no. I simply asked of you the goodness to kindly condescend to ascertain if Information is engaged. Of course if she is don't disturb her. I can wait. I'm used to waiting. Oh, Information. Can you tell me the proper place to send lost souls? Wait. Don't shut me off. I'm on the level. It's a girl. A girl. Yes. No, no, not a baby girl. A young girl. I don't know how old. I—I don't like to ask her. I don't know where she came from but she's here and she can't stay. We can't turn her out into the street. She hasn't any home. No. No. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. (*Listens a second.*) Oh, all right. Thanks. (*Hangs*

up receiver and turns from phone much pleased.) Well, it's all right. She's going to find out what we'd better do and let us know the first thing in the morning.

JACK. *(In dismay)* Morning? Morning?

BOB. That's what I said. Morning. My dear boy, don't look so dumb.

JACK. What good will the morning do, you numb-skull? Where's she going to stay to-night?

BOB. *(Runs his hand through his hair)* To-night? To-night?

JACK. Yes, to-night. My dear boy, don't look so dumb? What are we going to do with her to-night?

(Enter BETTY. She advances quickly, catches sight of Bob and stops short.)

BETTY. Jack—Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were alone.

JACK. *(Goes to meet BETTY nervously. BOB tries to stand so he will block out WANDA, who has, unnoticed by the men, resumed her pose as the statue)* I am. That is, I was. I mean I should be if—if they were not here. But they're going. They just ran in for a few minutes but they have to hurry right back.

BETTY. *(Holds out her hand to BOB)* Why, Bob, glad to see you. You haven't honored us for a long time. *(Aside.)* Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend? *(Aside to JACK.)*

JACK. *(Quickly. Indicates WANDA)* My friend? Oh, she's no friend of mine.

BETTY. *(Amused with raised brows)* You mean she's Bob's girl?

JACK. *(Greatly relieved)* Yes, that's it. Bob—you understand. Awfully hard hit, poor chap.

BETTY. You don't mean it. I must congratulate him.

JACK. (*Stands between BETTY and BOB*) No, no, you mustn't. It isn't announced. His people object and all that sort of thing.

BETTY. (*Gets a closer look at WANDA*) I don't wonder. Why, Jack, she—she's an Indian.

JACK. (*Tries to attract BETTY's attention from WANDA*) That's what the row's about. Family raising the roof.

BETTY. (*Breaks away from JACK and goes to WANDA*) Why, Jack, how could you play me such a trick. It's only that old figure you've been modelling.

JACK. (*Laughs at first nervously then heartily as he sees statue is motionless*) Fooled you that time, Betty. Pretty good joke, eh?

BETTY. (*Indignantly*) Pretty poor sort of joke, I think. May I ask why all that nonsense about Bob and his family?

JACK. It was so funny. So awfully funny. You were so serious and it was so funny. Your expression. Best joke ever.

BETTY. I fail to see it. (*Exit BETTY with dignity.*)

JACK. (*Sinks limply into chair*) By Jove, that was a narrow escape. Just suppose—— (*WANDA takes step forward.*) Oh, thunder. (*Angrily to WANDA.*) Look here, I've had enough of this. (*Re-enter BETTY. WANDA resumes statue pose.*)

BETTY. (*Sweetly to JACK*) Jack, dear, I forgot to tell you that Norah has gone out so I shall serve tea in here.

JACK. Why not the dining-room, Betty?

BETTY. The carpenter's mending the table. Besides, you and Bob both prefer the studio. You always said so. Didn't you, Bob?

BOB. Sure. No place like a studio for a mess—of tea.

JACK. But it's a bit draughty to-day, dear. I—I don't want you to catch cold.

BETTY. (*Laughs*) Nonsense! Are you crazy? It's as warm as toast. Now I'll get the tray and you clear a place. (*Exit BETTY.*)

JACK. Bob, you blithering idiot, what do you mean by encouraging her? We can't stay here. What if that—that Soul thing should take it into her head to come to life again?

BOB. (*Soothingly*) I'll fix her. (*Goes to WANDA and speaks with determination. WANDA stands motionless.*) See here! You—you, whatever you call yourself. Oh, you hear me all right. You're a statue. A statue. Understand? And you're to stay a statue. You're not to move or speak while that lady (*Points off*) is in the room. If you so much as wink a lash, out you go! Biff!

JACK. I tell you, Bob, I can't risk it. If Betty should suspect, I'm done for.

(*Enter BETTY gayly carrying tray.*)

BETTY. Yes, Jack, I'm coming. Are you both starved, you poor boys? (*She places tray on table and proceeds to pour tea.*) You really don't deserve this after being so horrid, but it was so stupid with Norah out and nobody to quarrel with. (*Passes tea to men, who drink nervously, watching WANDA whenever they think BETTY is not noticing them.*) Do you know, Jack, I've made up my mind that I've been a great big goose, and I'm going to turn over a new leaf.

JACK. Don't be alarmed, Bob, she turns one over every week.

BETTY. (*Laughs and nibbles a biscuit*) But this

is a really, truly one. I'm never, never, never going to be jealous again. Never. No matter what happens.

BOB. Fine! That's something like. Eh, Jack?

JACK. (*Earnestly to BETTY*) You mean it, Betty? Honest?

BETTY. (*Nods firmly*) Honest Injun. (*WANDA starts. Men start up. BETTY is busy refilling cup and doesn't see their fright. They reseal themselves after shaking their fists at WANDA.*) I'm never going to be jealous of any girl again.

JACK. Swear it.

BETTY. (*Lifting her hand and looking up*) I swear. And he shall sketch and draw as much as he pleases and have all the pretty models he—he—he—(*Her words come slower and slower as she looks up and catches sight of WANDA, who is leaning forward and listening intently.*)

JACK. (*Looks down at BETTY, then turns and follows her eyes. His voice trembles.*) What—what's the matter?

BETTY. (*Rubs her eyes as if dazed, then looks again at WANDA*) Nothing. Only—only—why—how—how queer.

JACK. What's queer?

BOB. (*Looks uneasily at WANDA*) What's queer? I don't see anything queer.

BETTY. (*Points to WANDA*) The statue! It used to be over there—and now—— (*Points to opposite side of room.*)

BOB. (*Briskly*) And now Bob's moved it over here to get a better light. Is that all? Another cup of tea, please. (*Holds out cup with shaking hand.*)

BETTY. (*Puzzled and not satisfied*) But the pedestal?

BOB. Jack thought it would be more realistic if he could make it stand without a pedestal. This way.

Catch the idea? (*Takes pose himself. Telephone rings. Both men start to answer it and stand tense as BETTY takes down receiver.*)

BETTY. I'll answer it, dear.

JACK. You needn't bother, dear.

BETTY. I don't mind. It's probably for me, anyway. (*Into phone*) Hello. Yes, this is Lenox 5800. What girl? Oh, you—you're mistaken. You've gotten the wrong number. You want the Children's Aid Society. (*Hangs up receiver and laughs.*) Some ridiculous mistake about a home for a poor girl. What was I saying?

BOB. The tea. How delicious it is.

BETTY. (*Shakes her head thoughtfully*) No, it wasn't the tea. Oh, yes, the statue. (*Goes to WANDA.*) What on earth is it doing with my couch-cover?

BOB. He was trying a new effect. Betty, when you came in. East India shawl on a West—that is, I mean on a plain Indian.

BETTY. (*Looks at WANDA kindly*) I shouldn't call her a plain Indian. I think she's rather pretty. Don't you, Bob?

BOB. Oh, I don't know. She's not much to look at. Lets talk about something else.

BETTY. (*Slowly without taking her eyes from WANDA*) Do you know, Jack, as I look at that statue, it becomes more and more lifelike. It almost seems to breathe.

BOB. (*Catches up couch-cover in alarm and prepares to cover WANDA*) Then don't look at it, Betty. It's the worst thing you can possibly do.

BETTY. (*Catches BOB's arm*) But I want to look at it. To admire it. To let Jack see that I am no longer jealous of his work. (*Slips her arm around JACK's neck. WANDA lifts her head.*) Oh, did—did you see that? (*Excitedly to BOB.*)

BOB. What? I didn't see anything. If you keep staring like that you'll give me nervous prostration.

BETTY. (*Awe-struck*) It moved. I saw it.

BOB. (*Catches up cup from table, looks into it, smells it, then shakes his head anxiously.*) Jack, you idiot! You changed cups with Betty. I'm awfully sorry, Bet, honest I am. And I'll own up like a man. I had a little—just a taste—a friend gave me and I was going to share with Jack. Just a little surprise. And he, like a boob, passed it on to you, who swallowed it without winking an eye. You're a sport, all right, Bet! A dead game sport!

BETTY. (*Angrily to BOB*) Do you dare to insinuate that—(*Points to teacup*)—you put something in there that has gone to my head?

JACK. Better lie down, dear, and sleep it off.

BETTY. (*Indignantly*) Nonsense! I tell you I'm all right. It's only that statue.

JACK. Some people are affected that way. Everything in the room looks queer to them. Things reel. And go round and round. It's awful. I know just how you feel.

BETTY. (*Quickly to JACK*) Oh, you do, eh?

JACK. Yes. Bob told me all about it lots of times, haven't you, Bob? (*To BOB, who is staring at WANDA*) Say yes, you boob!

BOB. (*Absently*) Yes, you boob.

BETTY. (*As WANDA turns her head and looks at JACK*) There, there, don't you see it?

JACK. See what?

BETTY. (*Appeals to BOB*) You see it, Bob? You must see it. Now—now—there! She puts her hand to her head. Now she is walking across the room. Now—now! (*Points trembling finger at WANDA, who has crossed stage.*)

BOB. (*Shakes his head sadly*) Poor Betty! And

to think it's all my fault. Hadn't you better ring for a doctor, Jack?

JACK. (*Firmly*) No, walk her up and down briskly until the effect wears off. (*Takes BETTY's arm.*) You take the other arm, so! Now walk.

(JACK and BOB hold BETTY's arms firmly and walk up and down briskly while she struggles in vain to release herself. She manages to watch WANDA, who stands viewing the proceeding with folded arms.)

BETTY. (*Breathlessly*) I tell you there is nothing the matter with me. The room doesn't go round. Noth—nothing goes round. You—you are all right, Jack. Bob's all right. It—it's only that—that statue. Let—let me go. (*Struggles, panting*) Stop—stop, I tell you! You'll kill me. Stop, I say! Stop! (*With a sudden wrench she frees herself and rushes to WANDA. She gazes at her a second and slowly gasps*) Why—why, she isn't a statue at all. She—she's a woman! A live woman! (*To BOB*) What is she doing here? (*To JACK as BOB swallows hard but cannot speak*) What is she doing here? (*JACK opens his mouth several times but no words come.*) What is she doing here? (*Stamps her foot angrily.*) Speak! Speak, I say! Tell me. (*To WANDA, as no one answers*) You? You tell me. Who—who are you?

WANDA. (*Lifts her hand and points to JACK*) His Soul.

BETTY. (*Aghast*) His—his Soul? (*Looks from one to another as if seeking a clue, then breaks into hysterical laughter.*) Oh, that—that is too much! His—his Soul! And I—I swore never to be jealous again. I—and all the time—— (*Points with*

trembling finger to WANDA while she struggles to keep back tears.) His—his Soul——

JACK. (*Miserably*) Betty, listen to me. Let me explain. Be reasonable. Be calm.

BETTY. Calm. Reasonable. I—I'm to be reasonable, am I—and—and calm? (*Looks JACK up and down coldly.*) So you lied to me. Told me stupid, clumsy, man lies and thought you'd fooled me. Thought you'd make me believe that I—that—(*Points to teacup*)—that—that had gone to my head. (*Clasps head.*) Oh, my poor head! (*Suddenly calm.*) Well, what have you got to say now? (*To JACK, who stands miserably silent. Then to BOB*) And you? You? What have you to say? Go on. I'm ready. Listening. Dumb, too, eh? (*Appealingly to JACK*) Say something, anything. Say she is not—not that thing she calls herself. I'll believe you. Can't you see I want to believe you, Jack? (*Extends her arms toward him.*)

WANDA. (*Softly, lifting her arms*) Jack! (*JACK turns softly as if hypnotized and moves dazedly toward WANDA.*)

BETTY. (*Utters a low cry*) No, no, no! Don't go to her, Jack! Don't, I can't bear it. Jack!

(*JACK turns, looks at BETTY, but makes no attempt to go to her.*)

WANDA. (*Smiles and extends both hands*) Jack!

(*JACK goes as in a dream toward WANDA.*)

BETTY. (*Desperately*) Jack! Jack! (*JACK pays no attention to BETTY, but walks slowly past her to WANDA. Suddenly the expression on BETTY's face changes from appeal to desperation and fury. She catches up dagger-shaped paper-knife from desk*

and rushes upon JACK.) Go! Go to her! Go to your Soul! Now and forever!

(WANDA springs forward between BETTY and JACK. The dagger falls between her shoulders. She reels, falls. The stage is darkened a second. BOB and BETTY exit. WANDA steps back upon pedestal. Lights are turned on full. JACK is seated in chair by table, asleep. Enter BETTY with tea-tray.)

(BETTY stands a second smiling down at JACK. Places tray quietly on table and her hand on JACK's shoulder.)

BETTY. Jack! Jack, dear, how long have you been asleep?

(JACK lifts his head, dazed. Then startled, runs his hand through his hair. Rubs his eyes. Looks up, sees statue, rushes to it excitedly.)

JACK. Wanda!

BETTY. (Watches him, amused) Jack! You ridiculous boy! Dreaming still?

JACK. (Hoarsely) Where—where's Bob?

BETTY. Bob? I don't know. Were you expecting him?

JACK. (Turns, looks at statue and shakes his head) By Jove! If that isn't the limit!

BETTY. How funny you look! Do brush your hair. It's all on end.

(Enter BOB.)

BOB. (Catches sight of BETTY) Hello, Betty!

There's an expressman downstairs. Says he's come for a statue.

JACK. What? What's that?

BETTY. (*Takes up cover and prepares to throw it over statue*) Do you know, Jack, I'm sorry it's going. It's such a splendid piece of work. As I look at it now it seems to smile back at me.

JACK. (*Quickly covers statue*) Then for the love of Mike don't look at it!

BETTY. Jack is a real artist, Bob. Just see that statue. Jack has put into it his whole heart and Soul.

JACK. (*Quickly, nervously*) Don't, Betty, don't you ever mention that word in my presence.

BETTY. (*Surprised*) What word? What did I say? Really, Jack, you must still be in the land of dreams.

JACK. I may have been asleep. I may have been dreaming. I may be asleep now. But I want it distinctly understood that I haven't a Soul. I never had a Soul and come what may I don't want a Soul.

BETTY and BOB. Well, upon my soul!

CURTAN

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
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BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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The Return

0 017 400 944 2

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfort of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please.

Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired.

Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years.

Price, 30 Cents.

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